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The People's Press.

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Select Miscellany.

A Lawyer's Revenge,

—OR—

Love and Law.

BY RALPH RANDALL.

CONTINUED.

Sullivan was once more sent as our representative to the Legislature, and his zeal for politics seemed to be rapidly advancing. One act which he performed during the session created a general surprise, it was his procuring the commission of Justice of the Peace for one Eastman, an inhabitant of the town who had become an object of general dislike by his grasping avarice and remorseless severity upon those who were so unfortunate as to be in his debt.

It was generally said that Eastman would sell his soul for a moderate price, so notoriously strong was his passion for money. Everybody wondered that Sullivan could wish to have so mean a scoundrel associated with him as a brother Justice, especially as there was no other person holding that commission in the town. But as Eastman was a good client, his appointment was attributed to that fact.

As is usual, the people were mistaken in the motives of their representative. Even good old Doctor Merker, the parson, broke through his customary gentleness and reserve, and openly expressed surprise and regret at the new appointment.

In April, the town clerk was called upon to publish, according to law, intentions of marriage between Mr. Belknap and Miss Helen, —and by a written advertisement pasted upon the blackboard, which hangs by the church door, he complied with the request.

When the legal period of fourteen days had expired, and the publishment was complete, Mr. Belknap called upon the clerk for the requisite certificate that the requisition of law had been duly complied with. To his amazement he was informed that such a certificate could not be granted, as the banns of matrimony had that morning been forbidden by a young man, named Leach, who had, in conformity with the statute, filed with the clerk a written statement of his reasons for his entering the prohibition.

Belknap was thunderstruck, as it were, so perfectly unusual and unexpected was this occurrence. There could be no mistake as to the law, for the clerk opened the statute book, and turned to the very section. The young man, hardly believing himself to be awake, asked the clerk to show him the writing which Leach had left. It was handed to him, and the young man read it with mingled wrath and astonishment.

The reasons assigned were such as must, if shown to be true, blast the character of both himself and Helen, and forever prevent the intended marriage, and, although he knew them to be as false as the father of lies, yet the audacity with which they were stated in the manuscript, led him to fear that the villainous slanderer, Leach, was furnished with some fabricated evidence to prove his assertions.

Leach was a notorious gambler—destitute of all decency of character—subsisting with the externals of a gentleman, nobody knew how, and who had not long since returned to the village, after several years absence, no one knew whither. Belknap had, during a tour through the South and West, once seen him in New Orleans, where he was said to be connected with an infamous company of blacklegs.

It was many minutes before Mr. Belknap regained his recollection and reason, and when he did, his first act was to turn, with the look of one just emerging from a horrid vision, and inquire of the clerk if he believed the accusations to be true?

"Not one of them, sir," replied the clerk. "I am sure they are false."

"I thank you for that! Now let me ask you whether you have informed any one that this paper has been left here, or the banns forbidden?"

"I have not, sir!"

"That is fortunate. The wedding takes place to-night, the guests are all invited, and it shall not be stopped by such an infernal fabrication as this. Promise me that you will be silent on this subject till after the wedding is over, for of what use will it be to distress the ladies by telling them what is herein alleged? Promise me!"

The clerk willingly promised, and then Mr. Belknap told him that Dr. Meeker was to perform the marriage ceremony, and that, as he would, unquestionably unite them before he thought of inspecting the paper handed him, and which would contain the fee, he would not be aware of having incurred the penalty of the law, until the matter was all over,—"and then" said Belknap, "I will hand over to him the fifty pounds which the law exacts as the penalty, and the intended mischief of this black-hearted villain frustrated. The wedding once consummated, I swear by all that is holy that these slanders shall be brought to the test of legal investigation, and their fabricator punished as he deserves."

The worthy clerk was delighted that the trouble and embarrassment which he had feared, was to be thus obviated, and he wished Mr. Belknap a happy evening with a lightened heart and smiling face. But Belknap himself was unable to smile. He foresaw that there would be trouble in the end,—trouble such as must inevitably wound, if not break, the hearts of those he loved. And as he felt persuaded that Leach was but the tool of Sullivan in this matter, and remembering how demoniacally that bad man looked upon the evening when Helen had cast him off as unclean, he could not avoid fearing that the malicious cunning of the young lawyer would, in some way, succeed in preventing the marriage, in spite of all his own efforts and plans. With gloomy apprehensions and a heavy heart, therefore, did he drag thro' that long, dull day.

The expected evenining at last arrived, and with it came to the house of the widow flashing lights, and numerous friends, and merry faces and beautiful dresses, in crowds.

Within the mansion, from front to rear, and from cock loft to wine cellar, all was gaiety and life. Every room was occupied except one, within whose mystic circles no one was to be admitted until after the knot was tied, and the two made one.

All had arrived—the hour and the guests. But still no parson showed his wig and head. In one of the chambers the groom and bride, in the full apparel, with the merry men and maids, awaited as patiently as might be, the slow steps of the venerable Dr. Meeker. The hour passed by, and another dragged its slow length along, —and Belknap, who had all day looked solemn, now fairly cursed, and became so fidgety and fretful as to require all the authority of the bride-elect and their myrmidons to keep him in order. I need not say why he was so anxious and alarmed.

But at last, when the company were becoming fairly seditious, the clergyman made his appearance, and the delay terminated. He had been unexpectedly detained, he said, but hoped no one had suffered in consequence.

And now the ceremony proceeded. The happy couple, according to the country fashion, whisked into the parlor, and sailed to the appointed place. One of the groom's men handed to the clergyman a note, (supposed, of course, to be the customary certificate), from which was to be heard the sweet music of clinking coin, and the Doctor took up his position in front of those who were about to be "swung off."

When the note was placed in his hand, contrary to his custom, and contrary to the hopes of young Belknap, he deliberately opened it, thrust the fee into his pocket, and read the writing. It ran thus:

"Dear Dr.—I will hand you the clerk's certificate at the earliest opportunity. Yours,
Belknap."

Raising his eyes from the paper, and fixing them somewhat sternly upon the pale and agitated groom, Dr. Meeker thus addressed him, while wonder sat upon all faces.

"Young man, my delay this evening was occasioned by one who stopped me by the way, and told me that it was your design to subject me, ignorantly, to a legal penalty, this night, by withholding that certificate of publishment, without which I cannot marry you safely and lawfully. I know not what is your design, but here is not the requisite certificate."

You may conceive that every one, not in the secret, was amazed. All eyes turned upon Belknap. That young man, his face as colorless as the features of death, with a manner which showed that he was rallying all his energies, thus answered:

I had no design to mislead you, doctor. You know well that I have been legally published; you have a certificate to that effect from the clerk of the town in which I reside; and here is the clerk of this town ready to inform you that the publishment has been legally made."

"But I must have his written certificate," said the precise doctor, "or I am liable to a penalty of fifty pounds."

"Here are the fifty pounds, doctor," said Belknap, pulling out two hundred dollars, and handing them over to the minister, "and now I hope, reverend sir, that you will no longer delay this goodly company by your useless objections; we have already been detained over long enough."

But good parson Meeker, had, on his way to the wedding, met one whose words had rendered him ten-fold more fearful than before, of infringing the law—and God knows that he was always as punctillious as a Spanish courtier.

He therefore declined performing the ceremony, alleging that he regarded any violation of a positive statute as sinful, and, on the part of a clergyman unpardonable.

"If the clerk is here," said the doctor, "let him now prepare a certificate, and we will abide his movements."

The clerk thus appealed to was forced to state before the whole company that he could not give the certificate asked for, because the banns had been forbidden; and, although he regarded the prohibition as an act of folly and personal ill-will, and had no doubt that it would be overruled by the magistrate who would investigate the matter, yet he was reluctantly compelled to obey the law.

As the clerk finished his remarks, the bride fainted and fell as if electrified, and great confusion followed. The groom was the calmest person present, because he most fully understood the true state of affairs.

The widow was so agitated that she could do nothing; and the painful task devolved upon Belknap, of dismissing the company, with the information that the marriage ceremony must be delayed until the false and foolish objections of an enemy could be set aside according to law.

"Another week," said he, "will doubtless set the whole matter right, and give you all a full explanation,"

But his prediction was not accomplished. The next day forced him to communicate to Mrs. Wallace and her daughter the reasons which Leach had assigned for forbidding the banns, and shocked as Helen had been by the events of the previous evening, this communication completely overwhelmed her, and the result was a delirious fever, which brought her nearly to the grave.

The whole story of course became public,—and it produced such a sensation in the town and vicinity as had not been known for years. No one knew what to say or think. Every one waited for the decision of the justices, before whom was to come the examination of the assigned reasons, and rumor, with her hundred tongues, found ample employment for them all.

Leach, according to the law, proceeded, within seven days, to apply to two justices of the peace, for their determination upon the reasons filed with the clerk—and the justices to whom he made the application were lawyer Sullivan and Esquire Eastman!

From the moment of their nomination, Beldnap felt sure that their decision would be hostile to him, and he endeavored to strengthen his own mind and to prepare his friends for the result. He now understood why it was that Sullivan had procured the commission for Eastman, for the obvious convenience of having a manageable agent or coadjutor.

At the appointed time, Leach appeared before the magistrates to support his allegations, and Belknap, with a legal adviser from another town, appeared to oppose those reasons.

No proof but Leach's own oath was offered upon his side of the case, while upon the other it was shown that he was a notorious liar, and not to be believed by prudent men.

The justices listened with great indifference; and, after the case had been argued on both sides, they decided that though not fully convinced, they were strongly led to believe that there was something in the reasons which Mr. Leach had given for forbidding the banns, but in view of the whole case should certify to the clerk that three months further time must be given them, in order to make a full examination.

It was in vain to protest against their decision, for it was perfectly decisive and binding, and resistance was only a waste of effort. But Belknap was so amazed at the flagrant injustice of the decision, as to denounce the magistrates for a couple of base wretches, one of whom would commit any crime for revenge, and the other for money.

He endeavored to persuade Helen to be married by a clergyman from his own parish, who was ready to incur the legal penalty; but although severe illness had so weakened her active powers as to almost change her nature, she steadily refused to become a wife until the foul aspersions cast upon her character and the reputation of her mother should be wholly wiped off.

It would be hard to say that she acted wrongly, but Belknap was almost provoked by her pertinacity. But he had not the heart to express by word or look any feeling which might still more disturb the poor girl's lacerated bosom.

Meanwhile, the widow, whose elasticity of spirit had chiefly perished with her husband, overpowered by the dreadful nature of this unexpected and mysterious assault upon herself and family, sunk under the affliction; and ere the three months had elapsed was lying in the family tomb, by his side, whom she never deserted while living.

Thus Helen Wallace was left to buffet the dark tide of affliction and calumny. It was enough to have made a hard heart relent from its cruel designs, to know that one victim had already died upon the altar of its malevolence. But Sullivan adhered to his diabolic purpose of complete revenge, and showed no symptoms of remorse.

As week after week rolled away, Helen's health became more and more delicate. Her color fled; her form pined away from its charming fullness: her eyes lost their lustre, and the grip of death seemed closing inexorably upon her unresisting frame.

Belknap was roused to new energy as he saw her fading from his possession. He resolved that he would not sit calmly and inactively beholding her decay, only to weep helplessly over her grave. He posted up to the metropolis, he consulted eminent counsel, he formed decided plans, and then he returned home to execute them.

The first fruit of his enterprise was the arrest of Leach upon a writ for slander, in which he estimated his damages at many thousands of dollars. At the same time he caused the other villains, Sullivan and Eastman, to be apprehended upon a charge of conspiracy to injure his fair fame and estate, in each instance requiring heavy bail from those whom he arrested.

The work was done quickly, and the conspirators had no time to concert their plans, and of course, they were all surprised. In the alarm of the moment, Leach offered to make a full confession, provided he could be made sure of his discharge, and of a pecuniary reward. He was assured of both, and made the confession. The facts he detailed were such as to drive both Eastman and Sullivan out of the State, to avoid the wrath of an indignant public, and the vengeance of violated law, and at the same time to contradict wholly and fully the slanders which he had embodied in writing for the purpose of preventing the marriage of Helen. The assailed reputation of all whom he had villified was amply restored, so far as might be done by his admission that all his charges were false.

I need not, after what you have seen, relate the events which followed this eclaircissement in the present history of Helen and her lover. It is enough to say that she still weeps over her poor mother's premature grave, and that, although in her husband and child, and in the smiles of Providence, she finds abundant causes of delight, she has never yet recovered, and probably never will regain her former fullness of health and flow of spirits.

Such was the essence of a story, which affected most deeply my feelings, and led me to reflect upon the case with which a mischievous lawyer may make his enemies miserable. It is saddening to think that the villain is not always, as in this case, detected and punished.

THE END.

YANKEE "NIGGER TRADERS."

It sounds right funny to hear the newspapers talking about American "nigger-traders" at this late day, and when they speak of Yankee "nigger-traders" the average Southerner cannot resist the temptation to smile from ear to ear. Would you believe it, friends, countrymen, lovers, that philanthropic Yankees, after sacrificing nearly a million of lives to free the negroes in the South are actually trafficking in negro slaves in Cuba. The Washington *Republican*, the organ of the administration, addresses an editorial to these Yankee dealers in Cuban slaves from which we make a few extracts:

"Wm. Welsh and other American citizens, who are at present doing a lucrative slave business in Cuba and playing very philanthropic comedies in the United States, are requested to give us their ears for a few moments. You know, gentlemen, at least you ought to know, that such transactions do not accord in any way with the spirit and intentions of our republican institutions.

"We know that it will seem very hard to you, indeed, after having spent so many years of your lives revelling in the wealth which has been drawn with a relentless hand from this source of avaricious recuperation. We know that it is very unpleasant for you that we should remind you of this sin of continuous commission so often, and yet we do not see how we can very well do otherwise.

"We would like to sympathise with you in this matter, so far as your pecuniary loss is concerned, but it is quite against our principles. You have already made many fortunes out of years of patriotic sufferings which a little band of courageous people have undergone, and you have, we will acknowledge, in many instances been philanthropic and builded many chapels and public libraries, and, for aught we know, you have sent missionaries to the Macedonian heathens, and tried to shed light upon some of the dark places in countries where paganism doth abound; and, moreover, we believe, gentlemen, that some of you have sent teachers among our own aborigines, to teach them to be gentle and humane. All these things we are right well aware of; but, gentlemen, it looks nastily insignificant and diminutively mean when we remember that it was all done out of the wealth which you have wrenched from the heart-aches and soul-pangs of the handful of God-ennobled patriots."

The *Republican* concludes by threatening these negro-traders with government interference if they do not turn from the error of their ways. It is hardly necessary for us to comment upon this; since the mere statement of the existence of such a traffic among Northern men contains a volume in every word. If the Southerners who owned and traded in slaves *(inherited property)*, needed any vindication, the foregoing statement would be sufficient without any argument. It was not *choice* or *inclination* that made the generation of Southerners who fought in the late war, slaveholders. They were slave-holders by the force of circumstances over which they had no control. These Yankee speculators, with all the countless kinds of profitable investment offered them in the commerce of this country, have deliberately chosen slave property in the island of Cuba.—*Charlotte Observer*

OUR GOVERNMENT GIRLS.

THE DEPARTMENT FEMALE CLERKS AT WASHINGTON CITY.

A special correspondent of the Savannah *Morning News*, in a recent letter to that paper discourseth knowingly about our government girls:

The several hundred damsels who hold positions in the various Departments are worthy the attention of the visitor here. The Treasurer has the prettiest of them under him, and the Patent Office next. The Post Office virgins are all staid and firm, and in the Dead Letter Office are presided over by Mrs. Schimmelfenning, the widow of one of the Colonels who "vas mit Sigel." She maintains her husband's discipline over them, and marches them to and from their desks like Amazons. McCartee's Printing and Engraving Bureau of the Treasury, and the Government Printing Office, have the commoner class of females. They do gilding and drying and *hump* the printing-presses, while the clerks are *high-toned*, and cut a swathe on the avenue of an afternoon. The number of pairs of gold spectacles worn by these school-marms is beyond belief, and the strength of mind they possess is enormous. Here Doctor Mary Walker flourishes in her velveteen breeches, and vows that she will not lay aside her bifurcated garment for the best position in the Treasury. Here we have Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the lawyer, who conducts divorce cases, "to the king's taste," and has a great deal of influence in the departments. She takes cases on spec. and is very successful. Here the Women's Rights Associations hold annual re-unions, and make proselytes. Here we have females pulling in regattas on the Potomac, and preachings at the campings and in the churches. Here we have the Howard Institute, where the Yankee treasury girl and the African clerk sit down to *Tacitus* together. Here we have female lobbyists by the score, who are very useful to the schemers and are necessary to push frauds through Congress. Here we get up Martha Washington tea parties in the rotunda of the capitol, and dress all the girls up in the style of 1776 with the dresses rather short. Here we have the can-can at two rival variety theatres—one of them upon Pennsylvania avenue, the principal thoroughfare of the city—where half-nude women posture in disgusting attitudes to semi-inebriated audiences. Here the figure of one of these charmers enraptured a youth—son of a retired Admiral of the Navy—and he married her, upon which the old gent ran him off. Here we have a "Government Clerk's Assistance Society," which is organized on the plan of "Masonic Mutual Relief." Whenever a clerk who belongs to the order is discharged, every member is taxed one dollar to assist said clerk. The first beneficiary was a young lady of the Treasury, who became in too interesting a condition to be retained without increasing the Treasury force. Here we have whole families working in the Departments under different names. Here we have literary unions presided over by strong-minded women, where bad poetry is wound out and cracked pianos worried. Here we have the "Women's Association," presided over by Miss Spencer, the object of which is the reformation of husbands and suppression of the social evil. In concluding the question of women here under the fostering care of the ismatics, it is noticeable that most of the good-looking clerks are appointed by carpet-bag Senators and Congressmen. They pick them up somewhere and accredited to the States they pretend to represent. Spencer, of Alabama, has the largest number, Clayton, of Arkansas, next, and then Sheidon, of Louisiana. Wallace, of South Carolina, who is a married man and member of the church, has, in the goodness of his heart, taken care of a number of widows and orphans.

It is probable that bananas will be widely cultivated in the South in the future. Acres of them have been planted in the worn out cotton fields of some of the Gulf States.

HOW MESSAGES ARE SENT BY THE OCEAN CARLE.

He (the ocean telegraph operator) taps the "key" as in the land telegraph, only it is a double key. It has two levers and knobs instead of one. The alphabet used is substantially like the Morse alphabet; that is, the different letters are represented by a combination of dashes and dots. For instance: suppose you want to write the word "boy." It would read like this: "—... ———.———" B is one dash and three dots; O, three dashes; and Y, one dot and three dashes. Now, in the land telegraph, the dashes and the dots would appear on the strip of paper at the other end of the line, which is unwound from a cylinder and perforated by a pin at the end of the bar or armature. If the operator could read by sound, he would dispense with the strip of paper and read the message by the "click" of the armature as it is pulled down and let go by the electro-magnet.

The cable operator, however, has neither of these advantages. There is no paper to perforate, no click of the armature, no armature to click. The message is read by means of a moving flash of light upon a polished scale, caused by the deflection of a very small mirror, which is placed within a mirror galvanometer, which is a small brass cylinder, two or three inches in diameter, shaped like a spool or bobbin, composed of several hundred turns of a small wire, wound with silk to keep the metal from coming in contact. It is wound or coiled exactly like a bundle of new rope, a small hole being left in the middle about the size of a common wooden pencil. In the centre of this is suspended a very thin, delicate mirror about as large as a kernel of corn, with a correspondingly small magnet rigidly attached to the back of it. The whole weighs but a little more than a grain, and is suspended by a single fibre of silk, much smaller than a human hair, and almost invisible. A narrow, horizontal scale is placed within a darkened box two or three feet in front of the mirror, a narrow slit being cut in the centre of the scale to allow a ray of light to shine upon the mirror from a lamp placed behind said scale, the little mirror in turn reflecting the light back upon the scale. This spot of light upon the scale is the index by which all messages are read. The angle through which the ray moves is double that traversed by the mirror itself, and it is therefore really equivalent to an index four or six feet in length without weight.

To the casual observer there is nothing but a thin ray of light, darting to the right and left with irregular rapidity; but to the trained eye of the operator every flash is replete with intelligence. Thus the word "boy" already alluded to, would be read in this way: One flash to the right and three to the left is B; three flashes to the right is O; one to the right, one to the left, and two more to the right is Y, and so on. Long and constant practice makes the operators wonderfully expert in their profession and enables them to read from the mirror as readily and as accurately as from a newspaper.—*Boston Herald.*

PERIL AND PENALTY OF SUCCESSFUL LABOR.

Do you think that what are called the lower classes labor only? There is no greater mistake so than to suppose. On the contrary, it is more true to say that, in proportion as you mount higher and higher in the scale of society the more you will find that individuals labor, the less have they the command of their own time; they may have higher rewards, they may not be constrained by such immediate pressure as to food and raiment; but I repeat it, they labor or they have labored, more severely, and they have been subject to more severe checks and disappointments. Who do you think toils most severely, the clerk in a merchant's counting-house or the merchant himself? Who has the most time for rest and repose? Who has the least of that anxiety of heart which forbids him to rest at night? Depend on it, that often and often when the clerk sleeps soundly, and wakes lightly and refreshed at morn, his master has been wearing out the night in complicated accounts or toilsome correspondence. One naturally turns to what one knows by experience; there is no profession so much envied, or I may admit, in some senses, so well rewarded as my own; yet look at successful lawyers, how many fall victims to the toil and anxiety they undergo; with broken health and shattered constitutions, how many retire from the field; while not a few perish in the prime of their manhood. It is common observation that Chief Justices of of my own Court are always worn out before their time by the continued labors of their office. It was only a short time ago that in a conversation I had with an officer of the House of Lords, he said to me: "I have seen now four Lord Chancellors on the Woolsack, and I watched the effect on their health—every one in turn has felt them—the countenance changes, the strength is impaired, and it becomes clear that nothing but rest or resignation saves them from sinking under the incessant labor.—*Sir J. T. Coleridge.*

A DEPARTED RACE OF PIGMIES.

Haywood, in his history of Tennessee, tells of a race of pigmies which existed hundreds of years ago in the neighborhood of McMinville and Sparta, where their cemeteries are yet to be found, though many of them have been torn by the plow of the industrious farmers of the present day. On the 3rd of October a party of gentlemen at the request of Prof. Henry, of Smithsonian Institute, left Nashville for Sparta, to procure specimens of the skeletons of the departed race for exhibition in the collection at Washington. Several days were devoted to the search. The first three yielded no results beyond the discovery of some twenty empty graves but on Thursday, the 7th, beside the grave out of which Haywood obtained a skeleton during his searches, were secured the bones of a pigmy. One of the graves had as a headstone a limestone rock, a thing unusual. By his partenlar mark it is presumed that the bones must have been those of a noted person of the race.

Near by the grave were found some specimene of ancient pottery of strange design. The body, which from the position in which the bones were found, must have been interred in a sitting position as was shown by the skeleton, about twenty-six inches in height. The thighs, arms, ribs and in fact all the bones were small, the full set of teeth showing at the same time that they must have belonged to an adult. The thigh bones were a little larger than a man's fore-finger, the other bones being in proportionate size. The first of these graves were discovered in 1820, and were found by the early settlers to average 22½ inches long by 14 inches wide and 12 inches deep. They were in all cases formed of sand stone rock, which is found not in the valleys where the graves are located, but on the top of the mountains. From all that could be learned this race of people must have lived at least three or four centuries ago.

From the Charlotte Democrat.

DIPHTHEPIA.

Mr. Editor:—Below you will find an article on the subject of Diphtheria, a report of the Sanitary Commission of the city of New York. The suggestions therein contained we believe to be founded on scientific principles. Will you be kind enough to publish it for the benefit of the public. J. H. M.

DIPTHERIA: SYMPTOMS, TREATMENT AND PREVENTION.

Mode of Attack.—Diptheria is caused by the inoculation of the air-passages with the diphtheretic poison, which from this point infects the whole system; the local inflammation is attended with the formation of membrane (exudation); the fever and general symtoms are the result of this local infection.

How it spreads.—Diphtheria is, therefore, a contagious disease (not perhaps as marked as scarlet fever,) induced by contact with objects and persons affected. It may be diffused by the exhalations of the sick and the air surrounding them; or directly by the exudation, as in the act of kissing, coughing, spitting, sneezing, or by the infected articles used, as towels, napkins, handkerchiefs, etc. The poison clings with the great tenacity to certain places, rooms, houses, where it may occasion cases after the lapse of months.

Symptoms.—In ordinary attacks the poison begins to act the moment it lodges upon the tissues; but, like a vaccination, at first causes but slight sensible effects. In from two to five days there is a marked prostration, dryness of throat, and pricking pain in swallowing; the throat becomes red, and patches of white exudation appear, and the glands of the neck swell. In mild cases these symptoms subside on the third or fourth day from the appearance; if more severe, these symptoms may be prolonged; if unfavorable, the fever increases, the local inflammation speads and exhaustion rapidly follows.

PREDISPOSING CONDITIONS.

The Person.—Diptheria attacks by preference children between the ages of one and ten years, the greatest mortality being in the second, third, and fourth years; children of feeble constitution, and those weakened by previous sickness, and those suffering from catarrh, croup, and other throat affections.

Social Relations.—All classes are [illegible] diphtheria where it is prevailing, but those suffer the most severely who live on low, wet grounds; in houses with imperfect drains, or surrounded by offensive matters, as privies, decaying animal or vegetable refuse; in damp rooms, as cellars; in overcrowded and unventilated apartments.

Seasons—Diphtheria is not affected by either heat or cold, drought or rain.

Precaution—The Dwelling or Apartment.—Cleanliness in and around the dwelling, and pure air in living or sleeping rooms, are of the utmost importance wherever any contagious disease is prevailing; as cleanliness tends both to prevent and mitigate it. Every kind and source of filth around and in the house should be thoroughly removed; cellars and foul areas should be cleaned and disinfected; drains should be put in perfect repair; dirty walls and ceilings should be lime-washed, and every occupied room should be thoroughly ventilated. Apartments which have been occupied by persons sick with diphtheria should be cleaned with disinfectants, ceilings lime-washed, and woodwork painted, the carpets, bed-clothes, upholstered furniture, exposed many days to fresh air and sun-light, (all articles which may be boiled or subjected to high degrees of heat should be thus disinfected). Such rooms should be exposed to currents of fresh air for at least one week before re-occupation.

Well Children.—When diphtheria is prevailing, no child should be allowed to kiss strange children, nor those suffering from sore throat (the disgusting custom of compelling children to kiss every visitor is a well-contrived method of propagating other grave diseases than diphtheria), nor should it sleep with, or be confined to rooms occupied by, or use articles, as toys taken in the mouth, handkerchiefs, etc., belonging to children, having sore throat, croup, or catarrh. If the weather is cold, the child should be warmly clad with flannels.

When Diphtheria is in the House or in the Family—The well children should be scrupulously kept apart from the sick in dry, well-aired rooms, and every possible source of infection through the air, by personal contact with the sick and by articles used about them or in their rooms, should be rigidly guarded. Every attack of sore throat, croup and catarrh should be at once attended to. The feeble should have invigorating food and treatment.

Sick Children.—The sick should be rigidly isolated in well-aired (the air being entirely changed at least hourly), unlighted room, the outflow of air being as far as possible through the external windows by depressing the upper and elevating the lower sash, or a chimney heated by a fire-place. All discharges from the mouth and nose should be received into vessels containing disinfectants, or upon a disinfecting fluid.

While scarlatina, small pox and enteric fever are scourging numerous cities in England, diptheria is now prevailing in about half the cities with which this bureau holds correspondence in the United States, and it is [illegible] in numerous instances in town and [illegible] in this city, where its [illegible] stayed. No other infectious malady more imperatively demands the best recources of medical and sanitary knowledge to limit its prevalence and save life. Sanitary precautions have supreme importance in that disease.

False and Fair;

— OR —

Shadows by the Way.

BY M. F. ANDREWS.

"A weary lot was thine, fair maid,
A weary lot was thine;
To pluck the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine."

"And so you say, Lucy Montressor, that you have not seen this incomparable brother of yours, for he is courtly, and stately, and grand; have not seen him for two years; what a while."

"Did I say that? Please pardon my carelessness then, dear Miss Thorne. Percy has not been at home in that time. Mamma and I met him at the Lakes last summer," corrected the fair speaker; adding a moment later, "I think he will be here to-day."

"And Margaret," the wily visitor couldn't wholly repress a little perturbation, made up of anxiety and jealousy.

"And this Margaret, she—does she go with you in your journeyings? Was she with you last summer?" inquired Meta Thorne, concealing an exceedingly plausible purpose beneath the indifferent questionings.

"Margaret? Oh, no, indeed; she never goes anywhere out of the place. We can't spare her very well, for she sees to everything just as mamma does; better, even, I often think. Mamma's health is not very good, and she has got into the way of resting more. Margaret is always willing and patient, and knows by some occult intuition, just what needs to be done; and I believe she likes it, though—takes up, or bears, or accepts, this care, and cross, and burden, as her life work, without any sign of unwillingness, or weariness. It would kill me in a week," said Lucy Montressor, ending her communication a little pettishly.

"She is young, quite young for all this," affirmed the haughty lady. "The girl cannot be more than seventeen."

Lucy Montressor laughed.

"Nevertheless, my dear, Margaret is almost twenty-one, a year or two younger than I am."

"She is your cousin, this—this Margaret Montressor, is she not, Lucy dear?" inquired the fair guest, with a languid intimation, as if she did not care.

"Not even that, dear. I supposed I had told you all about it, years ago."

"Perhaps you did," laughed Meta Thorne, "but my memory does not go back beyond the flood."

"Oh," with a pretty, girlish pout of the red lips. "Well, then, Oliver Montressor, papa's brother, married a widow, and Margaret was her daughter. They always called her name Montressor, although in reality it was Somerset. The proud old English Somersets, I believe. Her mother was an accomplished and gifted woman, mamma says. But Margaret is not like her mother, for she is shy and reticent, and cold, or it may be proudly sensitive. Percy calls her Twilight, with his ever playful raillery; because she is so strangely still, I suppose, and lovely, just like a wistful whisper, or a dream, or a vesper vision; and so alone, with the stars in her eyes, and her mournful smile, with grace and rhythm in every movement," said Lucy Montressor, soberly.

"Hum! This young housekeeper of yours is a decided paragon," sneered Miss Thorne, her envy and enmity overcoming the sweet complacency one could not always know was affectation.

Lucy, smiling in her pleasant way, went on with her story.

"This Oliver Montressor and his wife both died the same year. Papa took Margaret home. She was just ten years old. It was her birthday. She was so far advanced in her studies, that papa had her continue them. She graduated before she was sixteen, winning the first prize for composition. There was not much property for her, and she intended to teach; somehow, we never knew how to spare her. She is so useful and so quietly mindful of every duty, anticipating everything that would be required of her. And mamma says, she more than pays her way."

More than pays her way. And this Lucy Montressor, shielded and cherished with a solicitous care, indulged, idolized, spoiled, did not scruple to allow the orphan girl, to ask her even, to do things for herself that were wholly unnecessary, services gently and patiently rendered, scarcely thinking how sinfully selfish she was.

There were only those two, Percy and Lucy. Mr. Montressor was wealthy, doing business in the city not far from his pleasant, picturesque, magnificent residence, amidst the dusky shrubberies and fragrant ivies, fragrant, and cool, and enchanting. The surroundings of this spacious home—Densewood Manor—were elegant and elaborate. The grounds were all a wilderness of quaint, artistic beauty; groves, and fountains, and Grecian temples, and sheltered vistas, and gothic pavilions, half hidden beneath honey-suckle, and wild myrtle and nestling leaves, and weird canopies of shining evergreen, and flower vines set with silver clusters, and everything blossoming into brightness.

Miss Meta Thorne was spending the summer at Densewood Manor. She was an heiress. A proud, haughty, yet beautiful and entrancing siren, a brilliant, ambitious, fashionable woman of the world. An envious train of disappointed admirers called her a coquette. Be that as it may, the bewitching Meta Thorne had set her heart on winning, this very auspicious summer, the exclusive and chivalrous Montressor. She did not think with her attractions and allurements, it would be at all difficult of accomplishing. She had met the gentleman a few times, and she was aware that he was not insensible to her charms and fascinations.

Percy Montressor was a lawyer of unexceptionable worth; respected, honored, trusted. His home was in Washington. Leaving his work with a member and friend, he was coming back to dear old Densewood, his luxuriously appointed home, for a little time of leisure and rest. He knew who was the gay and radiant guest at the Manor.

Lucy had written. You could not have told whether the intelligence was pleasingly or indifferently received. There was never a sigh on the handsome face that you could read aright with regard to what was passing in his heart. But now, there is a light, lonesome and half sad, in the slumberous dark eyes. But what the magical dream revealed or pretended, you could not have told. Lucy's message is pushed idly away, and his arms lay on the quaintly carved table, his head resting on them.

He is not asleep; it is the old forgotten dream at the even time. The rest after the day's work was done, of care, and perplexity, and research, and the inevitable forthcoming of unfathomable things. His steps were steady and strong along these passing life hours, and he could recognize, and interpret, and accept the future rest, comprehensive, grand in its completeness, and ever in sight, yet vague, indefinite and bewildering sometimes, and almost impossible. But this is not the vision of his musings now. It is a dream and a spell of the long agone past. And yet the memories and whispering of that precious olden time, always blended intangibly and infinitely felt, but unconfessed, with the words, and revelations, and rewards, of a future.

He is not thinking to-night of this sign and witness, and registering of a prayer, and a name and a life work charm, and shadow, and glimpse of brightness. He sighs as he slowly comes back to himself, sitting there alone in his chamber.

"Lucy does not say anything about Margaret; she never does. And Margaret—she does not write to me now, poor child; and no wonder. Perhaps her last letter was not answered. I am always so busy, and have so much to do. I wish she would write if I did not have time to reply. She would once, years ago. But she is changed now; reserved, reticent, ever apart, coldly courteous, as if I was a stranger, and had put her there; accepting the position unquestioningly, and with a simple stateliness and silent submission, just as if I had not always been to her like a brother, and called her sister. Oh, Margaret, Margaret! and yet, I believe, she has made me what I am. No, not precisely that I don't mean. But the thoughtfulness, and excellent beauty of her child-life, and the faithful friendly letters that have come to me since I have been away, trustful, with the blessed belief of an overruling Providence, and an infinite Presence; teaching me many lessons of piety, and integrity, and faith, and a striving in my life service to honor my Lord and Master. From the strength and grandeur and lovingness of her heart, mine has gained power and purpose, and forbearance and forgiveness."

The lawyer lifts his head, sighing wearily, and in a moment is searching among books and papers for a magazine he knows is there somewhere. There is a magnificent story he wants to finish. The end had come.

It has been so beautiful and fascinating, and yet such a deep, holy, hopeful purpose, in it all; as if it meant, and would lure unresistingly the readers into the pathway of welcoming respectfullness, with all of the soul's deep reverence and worship. The author he did not know.

Her words always seemed to come to him like a sweet promise after a day of toil, fatigue and excitement.

For three or four years this had been. The name of the writer was Vivienne Gray. This marvellous harp of hers, might not the angels have had it once, and left it here on the earth, christened and set apart for some sweet and solemn service, leaving blessings and benedictions everywhere. Sometimes he is sure the broken, lonesome undertone is half a wistful plaint and weary cry, ending at last in a sobbing prayer.

As he reads some impassioned passage, a lovely ideal startles and thrills him, as the rare grace and glory in all the treasured, dear whispers ever do. It is a beautiful creation, with its poetry and music and mystery and inspiration. The spell and enchantment is not put away and forbidden, only beguiling him into trying to remember some picture, or dream, or still small voice, haunting him with message and welcome.

Not amidst the papers in his law office, amidst briefs, and bonds, and deeds, and claims, and long, legal documents, would he have discovered the solution of his puzzled perceptions. But away down in a solitary receptacle of an inlaid cabinet, in a little wierd casket, all dents and drops of coral and pearl—a birthday offering from his mother, were a little pile of letters, and a curl of hair with the gleam of gold in it, and a few faded forget-me-nots. And that was all that the little recess contained. He might have read the answer there to his yearning, wistful whisper. None had been added lately to the dainty white drift, put away with a soft sigh, and a restful peace; laid away tenderly, lovingly, these treasures—with the sweet incense of home flowers about them.

He had neglected to write to Margaret, but still he wanted her letters all the same. He tried to forget loss and longing by wandering through Vivienne Grey's romances.

The story is finished that has held Percy Montressor's soul in such a strange, sweet thrall. And the dream goes on. He is far away back in the past. For a long, long time, it has not been so near to him as it is to-night. He is not thinking about Lucy's letter, or of Meta Thorne, or of his prospective rest. But of pretty little Margaret when she came to live at Densewood Manor. He was seventeen, she was just ten. A little shy, sensitive thing, homesick and desolate.

His father, deep in business details, had not much time to devote to the new comer. His mother was complaisant enough. The girl was a dependent and they had benevolently given her a home. And Lucy, indulged and loved, wished she had not come, and was pettish and selfish, scarcely noticing the poor timid, tired little waif, that knew they did not want her. And she would go out among the dark trees, and pray that she might die, her quivering white face hidden by the daisies.

They did not intend to be unkind to her, I suppose, but were neglectful; and she knew she was in the way. And there was a quiet effort to propitiate and please, and a constant striving to be useful and helpful.

Percy Montressor loved the forsaken little stranger and took her to his heart at once, and she nestled there like a weary dove that had found a home, a refuge of safety. When any little sorrow came to her, or toil or disappointment, or when the drooping head wanted rest, she would go to Percy, like the child she was, to be comforted and caressed. And he would hold her in his arms till she was soothed and rested, smoothing back the curls from the weary face with tender carefulness; the curls with the sunlight trembling through them.

She had no thought but what was Percy's To others she was courteous and constrained. She did not trust them so. And he cared for her, and helped her, and tried to amuse her, just as if she was his own child sister. And so they had rambles, and rides, and sails, and games. But this could not last long now, for he must go away soon But there would be another vacation by and by.

Mrs. Montressor said she believed Percy was crazy. And Lucy knew that Percy never cared so much for her; but he only laughed and said;

"He was but a boy yet, and must have his play when he was at home, for he had no time for that when he was away." He teased and vexed Lucy still more, by answering: "As she was two years older than Margaret—almost a young lady.—she did not care of course about tramping after wild flowers and learning to row a boat and—and—as Margaret."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1875

JOB PRINTING.

We call the attention of all classes who wish printing executed neatly, expeditiously, and upon reasonable terms, to the facilities offered at the People's Press Printing Establishment We can furnish, at short notice,

BLANKS, BILL-HEADS,
LETTER-HEADS, CARDS
PROGRAMMES, HANDBILLS,
PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES
POSTERS, NOTES, CHECKS,
DRAFTS&c., &c,

CONGRESS.—Congress will convene in Washington, on the first Monday in December. We have made arrangements to keep our readers advised of all important proceedings. As the Democrats and Conservatives will have a large majority in the House of Representatives, the proceedings will be highly interesting, if not somewhat exciting.

Don't delay in handing in your names for the PRESS.

THE STATE ELECTIONS.

On Tuesday, the 2nd inst., elections were held in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Wisconsin, and Minnesota for State officers. In New Jersey, Virginia, and Kansas for members of the State Legislature, and in Mississippi for members of Congress.

The Conservatives and Democrats have carried New York, Maryland, Virginia, Mississippi and Wisconsin, except the Legislature of New York, which is Republican.

The Republicans carry Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Minnesota and Kansas.

In these elections party lines were not distinctly drawn, but the issue, upon which the elections turned, were questions of currency,—specie or paper money.

The President was serenaded in Washington on Saturday night, which drew forth a speech, in which he said "while the Republican majorities in the recent election are not great, they are sufficient to accomplish the purpose,—the rag-baby has been entirely suppressed."

The New York *Tribune* says the inflationists have received a stunning, if not a mortal blow, and thinks it desirable that the financial question should be lifted out of politics. "It can be set at rest by a practical, business-like measure of currency reform, and the honest men of both parties in the approaching Congress ought to unite, without regard to political differences to bring it about. There is a chance for Republicans and Democrats alike in this matter to earn the confidence of the country, and no one can deny that in the present uneasy balance of parties neither can afford to try any experiments with the public patience."

THE LATE ELECTION IN VIRGINIA present some strange features and seems to indicate a disruption of both existing parties in that State. True, the political status in either House of the Assembly is not materially changed, the House of Delegates having four Republican members from counties where Conservatives were elected last year, yet the Conservatives claim an equal number of Conservatives from heretofore Republican counties, thus having the complexions of the House the same.

But the most significant features are the election of quite a number of independent Conservatives, by the support given them by almost the entire negro vote of their counties. This may only be a passing event, but the New York *Herald* sees indications that both parties are in a state of disruption, and that the race or color line is effectually broken in Virginia. These signs are, if anything, more apparent in the Conservative ranks than among the Republicans; but from the present demoralized condition of both organizations, there will evidently be a breaking up of parties in that State and an entire new deal before the Presidential election in 1876.

The most conclusive evidence is given in Augusta county, where, Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, once Secretary of the Interior, who had not only declined to run as independent, but had declared he would not serve if elected as such, was nevertheless put in the field and elected to the House, receiving nearly the full negro vote of the county. If all the independent candidates are of the same calibre of Mr. Stuart, the Democrats have certainly lost nothing by the choice of independent candidates, even if they were elected by the Sambos.

COST OF THE CONVENTION.

The Reidsville *News* sums up the cost of the Convention thus:

It was organized the 6th of September, and adjourned *sine die* on the 11th of October, remaining in session just thirty-six days. Now what was the cost?

One hundred and nineteen members, at $4 per day.	$ 476
Speaker and two Secretaries, $6 each,	18
Four Engrossing and Enrolling Clerks, and two Doorkeepers, $5 each,	30
Two Pages, $1 each,	2
Total cost per day	$ 526
Thirty-six days, at $526 per day is	$ 18,936
Average mileage, $20 member, is	2,400
Printing, and other contingencies,	2,500
Total cost of Convention.	$ 23,836

So that this enormous $500,000 has dwindled down to less than $25,000.

The New York *Sun* says: The North Carolina Convention showed a praiseworthy example of retrenchment in curtailing its own expenses. Instead of costing from $300,000 to $500,000, as predicted by the Republicans, who were anxious to maintain the carpet-bag Constitution, it cost only $24,000—an amount which will be more than saved in one year by the reduction in the pay of members of the Legislature, and by limiting the length of the session.

The Herzegovinian trouble is by no means over, and the insurgents have recently received 1000 breach-loading rifles from Montenegro. The military commanders of the insurgents have called an assembly for the purpose of proclaiming a national government. The Sultan of Turkey is being interviewed by Russian ambassadors, and assured that if the christian persecution do not cease, he, the Porte, could not look for assistance from any European power.

The latest news from the Turkish difficulty reports that the Austrian frontier forts are being prepared for hostilities.

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION THROUGH THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

The New York *Herald* of Monday publishes a letter from Henry Stanley, the African explorer, sent out by that paper and the London *Telegraph*. It is dated at a village on Victoria Nyanza lake, Africa, March 1, 1875, and gives an interesting account of his 103 days journey across the wilds of the African interior. During the journey from Bagamoyo to Kagehyi many of the party died from fatigue, famine and dysentery. At Urimi, in the country of Suna, a people was discovered remarkable for their manly beauty; they went wholly naked. They had no chief, but was governed by elders. Five of the party died on the fourth day's march. Several fights with wild tribes occurred, in which both sides suffered. The natives of Waturn fought a three days' battle against the explorers. Stanley lost twenty-one men and the natives thirty-five. Of the 350 men whom the explorer took with him on his march, only 156 remained when he camped by the borders of the lake. Some fell in battle, others deserted, many—and among them two Englishmen, Pocock and Barker—perished by disease in the seven hundred and fifty miles journey.

The *Herald* of Tuesday publishes a second letter from Mr. Stanley, dated May 16, 1875, in which he deals entirely with his exploration of the Victoria Nyanza lake and treats of the geography of the lake and rivers which flow into it and the countries which surround it. One thousand miles of the lake's shore were surveyed, occupying 58 days, but a part of the southwest coast has yet to be explored. After referring to the deaths of his companions, Pocock and Barkers, Mr. Stanley concludes his letter with the following glance on the prospects ahead: "Thus two out of the four white men are dead. I wonder who next? Death cries."

RETIRED.—Capt. John Tayloe has retired from the Lexington *Central*, and W. H. Moffitt, Esq., has assumed the management of that paper.

FOR GOVERNOR.—Hon. J. M. Leach and Z. B. Vance are prominently mentioned as Conservative candidates for the gubernatorial chair; and Judge Settle as the Republican candidate for Governer.

UNSHELLED CORN.—The following seasonable article, if it holds good, is certainly worth reading and remembering:

Corn loses one-fifth by drying, and wheat one-fourteenth. From this the estimate is made that it is more profitable for the farmer to sell unshelled corn in the fall at seventy-five cents than at a dollar a bushel in the following summer; and that wheat at $1.25 in December, is equal to $1.50 in the succeeding June. In case of potatoes—taking those that rot and are otherwise lost—together with the shrinkage, there is little doubt that between October and June the loss to the owner who holds them is not less than thirty-three per cent.

CUBA.—There are rumors from Washington, we do not know whether well founded or not, to the effect that the Administration is moving in the Cuban question and that Minister Cushing, under instructions from Secretary Fish, has presented to the Spanish Cabinet a proposal for the purchase and peaceable cession of Cuba. That Cuba by more than seven years of successful resistance has entitled herself to recognition is a sentiment almost universal among the masses of the American people.

The AMERICAN FARMER for November is received, filled as usual with a great variety of seasonable and substantial reading for the farmer and horticulturist. The publishers offer to give the three last numbers of this year, free, to those who subscribe for 1876. Published by S. Sands & Son, Baltimore, Md., at $1.60 per annum; or, $5.50 for 5 copies, including postage. Sample copies sent free for postage stamp enclosed.

OFFICIAL POSTAL GUIDE.—We are under obligations to Thos. B. Long, Special Agent of the Post Office Department, for a copy of this work, containing an alphabetical list of Post Offices in the United States, with County, State and Salary; Money-Order Offices, Domestic and International; Chief Regulations of the Post Office Department; Instructions to the Public; Foreign and Domestic Postage Tables, Schedules of the arrival and closing of mails at the principal cities, arrival and departure of foreign mail steamers, with other information. It is a valuable book for reference.

THE FIRST SNOW STORMS.—On Sunday, October 31st, snow fell in different parts of New York, Pennsylvania and New England.

A despatch from Port Jervis, N. Y., dated November 1st, says: A snow storm commenced here last evening, about dusk, on the western end of the Delaware Division of the Erie railroad. At Susquehanna three inches, and at Deposit three inches fell. The weather cleared off cold and blustering and ice formed at this section nearly an inch thick.

At Milford, Pa., there was a light fall of snow on the same day, and the mountains in the northern part of Pike county were covered.

At Boston, on Sunday night, snow commenced falling at a quarter past twelve.

A severe snow storm prevailed at Syracuse, N. Y., through Sunday, Oct. 31. At least five inches of snow fell.

There was a slight fall of snow at Hartford, Conn., on the same night.

A snow storm occurred on Saturday night, October 30, above the Highlands on the Hudson river. On Sunday the Catskill mountains were covered with snow.

A GREAT HAUL OF MACKEREL.—The Newport (R. I.) *News*, of October 26, says: The fabulous amount of mackerel secured yesterday off the cliffs and beach, is the principal topic of conversation. About one hundred and twenty-five thousand mackerel were seined yestesday in our waters by sixteen steamers and a number of smaller fishing craft. The fish averaged one hundred and fifty to the barrel. One man shipped thirteen thousand five hundred to New York by last nights steamer, which was delayed nearly an hour by taking them on board, and twelve thousand to Boston. The whole haul was worth in round numbers, $6,000. All yesterday the cliffs were lined with ladies and gentlemen catching mackeral by the slower but more interesting method of the hook and line. As many as fifty people were fishing from the forty steps, and people had to take care not to get on other people's hooks instead of their own. What makes the haul mode remarkable is that the mackerel were never before caught here in any quantity.

WEATHER SIGN.—We learn from Capt. E. A Propst, that he has observed for years past the following "sign," and that it has failed but once in ten years.

That is, that the fourth, fifth and sixth days after the New Moon, control the weather during the entire moon, and as they are so will the weather following be, particular stress being laid upon the *fifth* or middle day. That all may notice it this time, we will state that Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week are the governing days for this moon.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

MOODY AND SANKEY.—These two divines seem just now to be the most popular pulpit orators North, drawing immense congregations. There is a great revival in Brooklyn, N. Y., and the following may give the reader, perhaps, an idea in what manner the services are conducted:

HOW SANKEY SINGS.

THE EMPHATIC WORDS IN HIS FAVORITE HYMNS —HIS VOICE AND MANNER.

Mr. Moody suggested that Mr. Sankey favor the audience with a solo, a solo with a chorus that all might be allowed to take part. Mr. Sankey bowed his head in assent, and turning over the leaves of his hymn-book selected the sixteenth hymn. One thing is noticeable in Mr. Sankey's solos, and that is his thorough independence of the instrument with which he accompanies himself, and to those sparing accompaniments is in a large measure due the effectiveness of his singing. He never strikes a chord until he has sung, in a peculiar, chanting tone of voice, one whole line of the song, and then the chorus seems more intended for his own guidance than for any instrumental effect. "Once For All," was the title of the hymn selected, and began:

Free from the law, oh happy condition.

Mr. Sankey sang it:

Free! from the law, *Oh* (in a most estatic tone) *hap*-py condition.

The chorus was beseeching, and sung at the top of 500 voices:

Once for all, O sinner receive it;
Once for all, O brother believe it;
Cling to the *cross*, the burden will fall,
Christ has redeemed us once for all.

The song over, Mr. Moody opened his Bible and read, in his careless way, a few verses from one of two of the chapters of Romans, touching the law and the curse of the law, then with no attraction in the tone of his voice, "Now, I am going to ask Mr. Sankey to sing the eighth hymn He will sing it as a solo, and (looking very severely at an usher who was straining his duty in the middle aisle) we must have silence during Mr. Sankey's solos; it doesn't make so much difference when the congregation are singing." By special request, then Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus, of Nazareth Passeth by." The first and last verses show the effect that a man of Mr. Sankey's vocal abilities can readily impart to a composition of this nature:

What means this eager anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along?
These wonderous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
In accents hushed, the throng reply:
"*Jesus, of Nazareth, passeth by.*"

But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn—
"*Too late! Too late!*" will be the cry;
"*Jesus, of Nazareth, has passed by.*"

The effect produced by the closing lines was electrical, people fairly jumped in their seats, and a long sigh broke from the congregation as Mr. Sankey, his countenance wrapped in an angelic smile, paused, fixing his eyes on the ceiling, allowed his body to fall gently back into his chair.—*N. Y. World.*

AN EARTHQUAKE IN CALIFORNIA, is reported from San. Benoto county on the 7th instant.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

STATE ITEMS.

SALISBURY.—In Salisbury last week, a fight in which one boy was seriously if not dangerously stabbed, occurred between three brothers, aged respectively 5, 7, and 9 years. A difficulty sprang up between the two youngest brothers on the one side, and the eldest on the other, when the two attacked the one, who drew a knife and stabbed the brother aged 7 years. The blade penetrated to and cut one of the lungs, and we learn from the *Watchman* that the wounded boy died from the effects of his wounds. The young slayer is in Salisbury jail. The children are sons of a woman named Johnson, and all three are illigimate."

SAD.—The Rev. Dr. Pritchard, in an Address before the Young Men's Association of Raleigh last week, made the following statement:

"He regarded the course pursued by the Association as most excellent, finding out by personal canvass of the city all worthy objects. He told of their not a great while ago seeking out and finding a grand daughter of Judge Potter and daughter of a Baptist minister, dying in a kitchen on the lot formerly occupied by Joseph Gales. They attended her until she died, and he conducted her burial service, while her miserable husband, a Penitentiary convict, in his stripes and under a guard, wept by her grave."

THE LATE MRS. RUFFIN died in Hillsboro, on Thursday, Oct. 28, aged 82 years. She was the daughter of William Kirkland, of that town, who was a princely Scotch merchant, and sister of John U. Kirkland, Mrs. Judge Strange, Mrs. McRae, of Fayetteville, and Mrs. McClester, of Georgia. She was the admired and beloved wife of the late Chief Justice Ruffin, whom she married at an early age of girlhood, for she was only fifteen, but twenty in size, manners and mental maturity. She was the mother of thirteen children. A more exemplary woman in all the relations of life never lived.—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

FOUR CHILDREN BURNED UP IN A HOUSE.—From a letter received in this city, we learn that on last Sunday week, a man living in Gloucester Township, Transylvania county, went to church leaving his four young children in the house. When he returned, he found the house burned to the ground, and the bones of the four children in the ashes. We heard the name of the man but it has escaped our memory.—*Charlotte Observer.*

Last Saturday night, a scoundrel was discovered in the act of robbing a lady on the Wilmington & Weldon train. Conductor Borden knocked him down; thrashed him exquisitely, and wound up the entertainment by kicking him overboard.

N. C. INSANE ASYLUM.—Several changes have taken place in the Insane Asylum Board of Directors. The terms of Geo. W. Brodie, darkey, of this city, and J. B. Mason of Orange county, having expired under the law, Gov. Brogden has appointed J. T. Pearson of Wayne, and W. D. Jones of Wake, to fill the vacancies. Dr. J. G. Ramsay of Rowan, who resigned some time ago, has been reappointed.—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

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An effort is being made to establish a cotton factory at Newberne. The Welch Hosiery mills, at Waterville, Conn., are moving on the the matter in connection with the citizens of Newberne.

The employees in the office of the Charlotte *Observer* presented Capt. W. F. Avery a handsome gold headed cane, upon the occasion of his retiring from the editorial chair.

Master Joseph Batchelor, of Raleigh, was the successful candidate before the examining board for the West Point cadetship from that Congressional district.

W. R. Richardson will succeed Henry Miller as keeper of the Capitol, the latter going on the W. N. C. R. R. to take charge of the penitentiary convicts.

GENERAL NEWS.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 5.—To the Cincinnati *Enquirer* a special dispatch from St. Louis says, "the announcement is made that the United States Grand Jury have found an indictment against ex-U. S. District Attorneys Patrick and Krum, ex-U. S. Marshall C. A. Newcomb, Orville Grant, brother of the President, Gen. Babcock, the President's Private Secretary, and others. The greatest excitement prevails. The indictments charges them with conspiracy with St. Louis distillers to defraud the government out of the taxes on an immense amount of crooked whiskey.

Miss Luck was pronounced the most expeditious cook at the late Cincinnati Fair. The facts upon which the award was made were as follows: In 30 minutes Miss Luck cooked, and cooked well, potatoes, chicken, porterhouse steak, tomatoes and corn; made coffee, tea, pie and buiscuit, and set the table in the neatest style.

The census of Charleston county, S. C., just completed, shows that the population has increased from 90,343 in 1870 to 123,489 in 1875, the whites having increased 5,636 and the blacks 27,303. The whites have 24,184 acres under cultivation and the blacks 34,092; the white voters number 7,398 and the black ones 18,686.

The soil of Louisiana is said to be very productive. With ordinary cultivation a crop of cane or cotton often amounts to $150,000 or $200,000. Of the 18,000,000 acres of forest, about 6,000,000 acres are covered with pine and 3,000,000 with cypress.

Jefferson Clyne, who lives near Wytheville, Va., is only three feet six inches high in his boots, which are No 11's. He is seventy years old, weighed 12 pounds at his birth, and now weighs forty-seven pounds.

Secretary Bristow is preparing for the Centennial a statement of what each Government department has cost in the one hundred years. The navy statement alone, the only one thus far completed foots up an aggregate of one thousand millions.

TERRIFIC LOCOMOTIVE EXPLOSION.—By the explosion of a locomotive engine on the Easton and Amboy Railroad, near South Somerville, N. J., on Monday, five men were killed and thirty-three others were injured, several of them fatally.

Reports received from various portions of Indiana, Missouri, Illinois and other States say thousands of hogs are dying of cholera.

American brooms, from their superior make and finish, have attracted attention in Europe, and heavy shipments of the article are now made to England and Germany. The business at present is remarkably good.

FOREIGN NEWS.

VIENNA, Nov. 5.—The *Neu Freie Presse* says Ignotieff, the Russian Minister at Constantinople, has had an interview with the Grand Vizier, in which he threatened an armed intervention of the great powers if Turkish persecution of Christians continues.

LONDON, Nov. 5.—The *Daily News* has a special telegram from Alexandria, saying the inhabitants of Kaba on the White Nile, have revolted and defeated the Egyptian troops, killing one hundred of them. The Government has despatched reinforcements thither.

Forty thousand rifles were destroyed in the burning of an arsenal at Rendsburg, in Holstein.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected by R. A. Wommack & Co Dealer in General Merchandise.

CORN,	85 a 90	Salt	1 50 a 0 00
Wheat,	1 10 a 1 20	" American,	0 00
Flour,	2 75 a 3 00	Candles ada,	18 a 20
Meal,	2½ a 0	Oils, Linseed,	0.00 a 1.25
Chop,	2 a 2	" Kerosene,	22 a 30
Bacon	13½ a 18	Sheetings, Fries' B.	8
Pork,	0 00 a 9 00	" " A	9¼
Lard,	12½ a 18	Yarns, Fries.	0 00 a 1 25
Eggs,	10 a 15	Iron,	5 a
Molasses,	35 a 45	Nails,	4½ a 5
Cheese Fac.	18 a 25	Calf Skins, green,	10 cts.
" Mount.	15 a 20	Tallow,	8 a 10
Butter	25 a 00	Beeswax,	28 a 30
Peas,	80 a 00	Clover Seed,	0 00 a 8 00
Apples, green,	50 a 0 00	Home grown,	0.00 a 0.00
dried,	4 a 10	Barrels Flour,	Fruit 50
Potatoes, sw.	50 a 00	Brick,	7.00 a 00.00
" irish,	50 a 00	Shingles,	
Coffee,	22 a 30	Long leaf pine,	4.50 a 5 50
Sugar,	8 a 15	Hay, per cwt.	50 a 60
" crushed,	15 a 18	Rags,	2½ a 3
Dried peel, peach.,	12½ a 22	Butter Beans,	13
" unpeel ½ "	6 a 8	Dried Cherries	18 to 20
		Dried Blackberries.	0 to 10

WINSTON TOBACCO MARKET.

Lugs, Common,	$ 4 00 to 5 00
" Good working,	5 00 to 7 00
Bright medium smokers,	8 00 to 10 00
Fancy smokers,	11 00 to 20 00
Leaf, Common,	10 00 to 12 00
Good,	13 00 to 15 00
Medium wrappers,	12 00 to 14 00
Yellow "	15 00 to 20 00
Fancy "	35 00 to 45 00
Mahogany medium,	16 00 to 20 00
" good,	25 00 to 30 00

Danville Tobacco Market.

Primings	1 00 to 2 50
Lugs—Very Common,	5.00 to 7.00
" Medium,	8.00 to 10.00
Fine Smokers,	12.00 to 20.00
Leaf—Common,	10.00 to 14.00
" Good	14.00 to 16.00
Wrappers—Medium,	18.00 to 25.00
" Fine,	25.00 to 35.00
" Extra,	50.00 to 65.00

Richmond Tobacco Market.

BLACK.	
LUGS—Very common	$ 6 50 to 7 00
Medium to good	7 50 to 8 00
Extra	9 00 to 9 50
LEAF—Common	9 00 to 11 00
Medium	10 00 to 12 00
Good	14 50 to 16 00
Fine	15 00 to 18 00
Extra selections	18 00 to 28 00
BRIGHT.	
LUGS—Common to Medium	9 00 to 12 00
Good to Fine	12 50 to 20 00
Fine smoking	22 50 to 30 00
Extra smoking	38 00 to 40 00
LEAF—Common to medium	12 00 to 15 00
Good to fine	12 50 to 15 00
Extra fillers	17 00 to 20 00
WRAPPERS—Common	18 00 to 25 00
Medium to good	28 00 to 40 00
Fine	38 00 to 75 00
Extra	80 00 to 115 00
MAHOGANY.	
WRAPPERS—Common to medium	30 00 to 35 00
Good to fine	22 00 to 35 00
Extra	35 00 to 50 00

Fayetteville, Nov. 8.—Bacon 14 a 15. Flour, $6.25 a $6 50; Corn 0 75 a 1 00; Oats 55 a 65; Rye, $0 00; Wheat, $0 00 a $0 00 Lard, 17 a 18; Brandy, $2 00; Whisky, corn $1.50 a $1 70; rye, a $2.00 a $2.25; Salt $0.00 a 1 50.

Charlotte, Nov. 8.—Bacon 12½ a 15; Flour, $3 10 a $3 30; Corn, 60 a 65; Oats, 55 60; Wheat, $1 20 a $1 40; Brandy, $1 75 a $2 00.

New York, Nov. 8.—Cotton 13 to 13¼. Wheat, $1.18 to $1.20 Corn, 75 a 100, Pork, $21.70 a $21.75. Lard 14½. Money 2 a 3. Gold 1.15½. State bonds dull and nominal.

Baltimore, Nov. 8.—Flour, 4.75 a 5.50; Wheat 1.40 a 1.42. Corn, White 83, yellow 82

Chicago, Nov. 8.—Wheat, 1.12 a 1.16. Corn, 51. Oats, 33. Pork, 18 00 a 22 00. Whisky: 1.13. Lard, 13 a 14.

ARROWROOT, OYSTER AND OTHER CRACKERS
5-tf. at CROSLAND'S.

BEST BEAT HOMINY
5-tf. at CROSLAND'S.

LOCAL ITEMS.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY.

Salem, N. C., Post Office Arrangement.—Office hours from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. during the week. As no mails arrive or depart on Sunday the office will not be open on that day.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING THE MAILS

Railroad, from Greensboro to Salem, closes every day, except Sundays, at 7.30, a. m.; due every day except Sunday, by 6.10, p. m.

Mount Airy mail, *via* Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Little Yadkin, Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's Creek; closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 30, a. m.; due, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 3. p. m.

Madison mail, *via* Sedge Garden, Germanton and Walnut Cove, due, Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 5 p. m.; Closes, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6 30 a. m.

Jerusalem mail, *via* Friedberg, Miller's Mill, Elbaville and Fulton: closes every Wednesday at 6, a. m- due, every Thursday, 7, p. m.

Jonesville mail, *via* Mt. Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains East Bend and Boonеville: due every Friday, by 7 p. m.; closes every Saturday, at 6, a. m.

Walkertown mail, *via* Salem Chapel, White Road, Belew's Creek Mills and Blakely: closes every Friday, at 4 30, p. m.; due, every Saturday, by 7, p. m.

Huntsville mail via Clemmonsville, Lewisville and Panther Creek, closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 30, a. m.; due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

BLANKS, Land Deeds, Mortgage Deeds, Chattle Mortgages, Magistrates Summons Judgments and Executions, for sale at the PRESS Office.

WOOD.—A supply of good Firewood Wanted. Enquire at this Office.

PERSONAL.—On Friday morning last, we had the pleasure of meeting Thos. B. Keoh, Esq., Judge Settle, Messrs. Brooks and Julian of the National *Republican*, Washington City, Mr. Young, Chief Clerk of the U. S. Senate, Mr. Worden, of the Boston *Post*, and Mr. Kidder, of the Chicago *Tribune*, who paid a visit to our city, on their return from a week's recreation among the haunts of Reynard, in the counties of Stokes and Rockingham.

They were the guests of Messrs. Douglass, Settle and Keoh, of Greensboro.

The hunt is represented as having been very exciting and full of sport, they having the pleasure of securing the "brushes" of six of these cunning animals.

The weather interfered with a general survey of our cities, but the party seemed gratified with the general appearance of prosperity and thrift. They were specially pleased with our Academy, through which they were kindly escorted by President Grunert.

The party were entertained at the Salem Hotel, and left for Greensboro on Saturday morning, expecting to attend the Friend's Yearly meeting on Sunday last.

A large stock of DRESS GOODS At reduced prices. J. L. FULKERSON.
Salem, N. C. October 13th 1875.

SOME hundred or more of our citizens, notwithstanding the bad weather, visited New Garden, on Sunday last, to witness the services of the "Friends," who hold their "Yearly Meeting," commencing on Saturday last.

WE learn that a serious fight occurred just outside the corporate limits on Saturday night last, in which a Mr. Griffith was badly beaten by Joseph Bitting. It was at one time feared that Griffith would not recover, but we learn that he will probably recover from the injuries.

Whisky had much to do with the fracas.

WINDOW GARDENING.—Now is the time to *pot* your bulbs for Winter and Spring flowering. Indeed the windows should already be bright with the luxurious foliage and the various clinging plants.—Nothing is more cheerful than a window sill of foliage and flowering plants.

GOOD THINGS from the **Largest Clothing House in America.**
Selections may be made from a large lot of Samples for Men and Boys Clothing.
Measures will be taken, and orders forwarded to Wanamaker & Brown, by
J. L. FULKERSON, Agt., Salem, N. C.
Oct. 14th 1875.

THE dark nights of the past week were not relieved by the lighted lamps. The moon would shine, but she veiled her face with clouds. Could not arrangements be made to light the lamps on cloudy and rainy nights? It would relieve the anxiety of many pedestrians, whose business requires them to be out after dark.

Why not give the lamp-lighter discretionary power.

CALL IN.—As our country friends pass, it will pay them to call in and examine the large, splendid and varied stock of Goods in the Salem stores,—at all prices. If you wish low-priced Goods, call for them; if there is anything you wish, and do not see—ask for it. No trouble for our merchants to show goods.

☞ The PRESS speaks to one thousand people, at the lowest calculation, every week.

NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES OF **Dress Goods**, FOR FALL AND WINTER,
Sept 23d 1875. J. L. FULKERSON.

IF YOU WANT FULL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY GET BEST GOODS of
J. L FULKERSON.

LADIES' FESTIVAL.—The ladies of the Baptist Church will give a festival in Mr. Norwood's new store building, North of the Court-House, in Winston, Tuesday evening, Nov. 16th. Doors open at 5½ o'clock.
A full attendance is respectfully solicited.

SUPERIOR COURT.—Forsyth Superior Court commences next week. The Hedrick case removed from Yadkin, is set for Wednesday of first week, which will attract a large number of persons from Yadkin and Davidson counties.

Elegant Fancy Vases and lots of the latest styles Notions just opening at Salem Notion Store. Come early and have first choice.

The largest crowd that we have seen since the day of the show, was assembled in front of Crosland's store on Tuesday at noon, looking at a huge possum that "Billy East, Junior" had on exhibition.

COMMISSIONER'S COURT.—The County Commissioners, on Monday of last week, met in monthly session:

In old Richmond township, Henry Long was appointed School Committeeman, in place of J. C. Doub, resigned.

In Bethania Township, John Anderson was appointed School Committeeman, in place of E. N. Spease, resigned.

STANDARD KEEPER.—R. A. Wommack, Esq., was appointed County Standard Keeper.

Seals for the Superior and for the Commissioner's Courts were ordered.

Next week Court commences, and those of our citizens who are fond of "goobers," had better lay in a supply before the price goes up.

The circus bills having been taken down, and bad weather setting in, the "Boss of the Mill Wagon" seems very much depressed in spirits.

AN old lady stepped in Wommack & Co's store the other day, and asked the price of their best calico:

"Eight cents per yard," said the accommodating young clerk, handing down several bolts for her inspection.

The old lady adjusted her spectacles, and after scrutinizing the calico for some time, turned to the clerk and said:

"Now look here, young man, you don't mean to tell me that you sell such good calico as that for *eight cents*."

"Positively madam, that is all we ask for it," said the clerk.

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed the old lady, taking off her spectacles and wiping the glasses so as to get a better view of the goods, "that proves what I have always heard about Wommack & Co's being the place to get good bargains."

Then purchasing several dress patterns, she went off, rejoicing that there was such a place as Wommack & Co's., where the *best* of calico can be had for only *eight cents* per yard, and all other goods at equally low prices. †

The unfortunate young man who always gets into trouble when he goes to see his girl, has been heard from again. It seems that he called on her last Sunday night, and after spending several hours very pleasantly, was preparing to go when the girl told him that she believed she heard something in the hen-house after the chickens. He told her that it was only imagination, as he heard nothing; but to satisfy her, he would go out and see. So slipping out to the hen-house, he opened the door and went in and began looking about.—Now it happened that the old man had heard the same noise that the girl did, and while the young man was slipping out to the hen house, he was slipping down stairs with a double-barrelled shot-gun in his hands, and arriving at the back door, he opened it just in time to see the figure of a man coming out of the hen-house, *and thinking it was a thief* robbing his henroost, he raised the gun to his shoulder and banged away. Luckily for the young man, the old man aimed too high, and instead of receiving the load in his body, it went crashing through the crown of his fine eight dollar plug hat, and before the old gent could fire a second time, he sprang over a fence and made rapid strides for home.

He has been telling his friends since, that some one attempted to assassinate him Sunday night while on his way home, but when he sees this he will know that the *truth* has leaked out on him.

KERNERSVILLE LETTER.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—On last Sabbath we had Bishop E. A. DeSchweinitz, of your place, with us; he preached in the Moravian Church, from 2nd Thesalonians, 2nd chap., 13th, 14th and 15th verses. After preaching he administered the Holy Communion to quite a respectable number of persons collected to participate in the same. The afternoon proved to be very unfavorable; but notwithstanding the rain, the Bishop would go home.

The Yearly Meeting of the Friends or Quakers, at New Garden, in Guilford county, took off some of our people, and they too had the benefit of the rain before they got home. And this reminds me of some experiences I made in that line, which I have not forgotten to this day.

Nearly forty years ago, when a boy, I lived in Greensboro; and among the rest, I formed the acquaintance of a young man clerking in Mr. Peter Adams' store, by the name of Joseph Hockett, his father, Mahlon Hocket, being a Quaker preacher of the straitest sect. Joseph had fallen into the ways of the "*world's people*,"—not wickedly, as he was a model of a moral young man,—but he was dressy, and prided himself on wearing the finest hat of any one about town. I used to tease him and tell him I expected to see the day when he would be a Quaker preacher and wear a straight-breasted coat and round-crowned hat;—he used to make all sorts of fun of the idea.

Well, one day he came to me and said: "suppose we go out to New Garden next Sunday to the Yearly Meeting of the Friends,"—to which proposition I agreed. So according on Sunday morning he and I set off a foot, the six miles to the meeting place when we got there, it seemed like every body else was there, and the people just going into the church,—not the present one, but the old one used by Cornwallis after the battle of Guilford Court-House, for a hospital; and it is said that traces of blood may still be seen.

I pushed my way into the crowd, for I was anxious to witness the services, as I was entirely unacquainted with their manner of worship, and the first thing, when getting under the door, was to take off my hat. Finally when I got seated and looked around, I found to my dismay, I was the only *hatless* person in the house. After taking in the situation for a few moments, I reached down under the seat, drew out my hat, tucked down my head, quietly slipped it on, and raised up again.

Before us there was a raised platform upon which sat quite a number of preachers; but I noticed they did not have any hymn books, so I thought they do all their singing by heart, and waited patiently for them to begin. Well, we sat, and sat, and sat, when all at once the person sitting to my right, reached and took hold of my hand, and with that there was a kindred movement all over the house, and every body rose to their feet, and started to go out. When outside the door, Joseph came to me and said: "Come, let's go home." I said "what! *why I want to see the meeting!*" "O," he said, "*the meeting is all over;*" and so it turned out that I had been to meeting and did not know it; and accordingly we trudged back to Greensboro, where we arrived tired and hungry; and the impression of that meeting has not been effaced from my mind yet.

Speaking of the Friend's singing, reminds me of an incident I read of a traveller stopping at the house of a Friend, and after having retired to his room he found that he could not go to sleep, so he sat down at the open window and sang several hymns, not thinking that anybody was noticing it. In the morning, when about to leave, he asked the host what was to pay; he said, "friend, I charge thee nothing; if thou art disposed to give Sarah (his wife) something, thee can do so." He accordingly turned to the woman, and she said: "I want thee to do me a favor; sit down in that chair," pointing to one near, "and say what thee said last night up in thy room in the *way* thee said it." So he sat down and paid the score by singing; and yet she could say, she did not ask him to sing.

Some years ago I was going up Main Street, in Salem, and right there at Mr. J. L. Fulkerson's store, I met a sedate, quiet looking gentleman, dressed in "Quaker garb;" and just as I was about to pass him, he stopped and remarked: "It seems to me that I have seen thee before?" I replied, "I do not know." "Joseph Hockett is my name," he said,—the recognition was mutual. I said, "Joseph, I see you have got the coat and hat" He laughed, laid his hand upon my shoulder and replied, "*friend R., that was when thee and I were boys*; but thee was right. I am a preacher among my people." "And so am I, Joseph," I said. "I am glad to hear it," he replied, taking my hand, "God speed and prosper thee on thy way;" the same to you, Joseph," I said, and so we parted, perhaps not to meet again until we come to render the account of our respective stewardships to that Master we are both trying to serve in the "paths to us appointed." C. L. R.

Kernersville, Nov. 8th, 1875.

SHUN DRUG POISONS.
MEDICINE RENDERED USELESS.
VOLTA'S ELECTRO BELTS and BANDS
are indorsed by the most eminent physicians in the world for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, liver complaint, dyspepsia, kidney disease, aches, pains, nervous disorders, fits female complaints, nervous and general debility, and other chronic diseases of the chest, head, liver, stomach, kidneys and blood. Book with full particulars free by **Volta Belt Co., Cincinnati, O.**

$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta Maine.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Terms and outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta Maine.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland Maine.
No 41-4w.

2,282,072
CIRCULATION MONTHLY.
We will insert an advertisement occupying one inch space (12 lines nonpareil) **four weeks** in the following 22 papers for $75, the regular rates of which are over $150—our price being less than one-third a cent a line per thousand circulation:

Hartford, Conn.,	Courant (e. o. d.),	Daily,	5,383
Wilmington, Del.	Every Evening,	Daily,	5,551
Indianapolis, Ind.,	Sentinel,	Weekly,	8,000
Atchison, Kan.,	Champion,	Weekly,	5400
Baltimore, Md.,	Gazette,	Daily,	11,500
" "	"	Weekly,	7,500
Springfield, Mass.	Republican (e.o.d.)	Daily,	11,632
" "	"	Weekly,	7,233
Minneapolis, Minn.	Tribune,	Weekly,	5,572
Newark, N. J.,	Advertiser,	Daily,	6,500
Babylon, N. Y.,	Signal,	Weekly,	5,792
Troy, N. Y.,	Times,	Daily,	8,950
" "	Budget,	Weekly,	6,500
Utica, N. Y.	Herald.	Daily,	5,551
" "	"	Weekly,	6,640
Cleaveland, Ohio,	Herald,	Daily,	9,000
" "	"	Weekly,	10,000
Pittsburg, Pa.,	Leader, (2 t a w.)	Daily,	12,451
Westchester, Pa.,	Jeffersonian,	Weekly,	5,100
Galveston, Texas,	News,	Daily,	8,634
Montpelier, Vt.,	Argus & Patriot,	Weekly,	5,333
Milwaukee, Wis.,	Wisconsin,	Weekly,	6,000
			163,752

Advertisements appear in the weeklies four times and in the dailies 24 times.
Address GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., 41 Park Row, New York.

Advertiser's Gazette.
A JOURNAL OF INFORMATION FOR ADVERTISERS. EDITION, 9,000 COPIES. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
Five specimen copies (different dates) to one address for 25 cents. Office, No. 41 Park Row, New York.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Editors & Publishers.

GO TO THE BARGAIN STORE!

PFOHL & STOCKTON
WINSTON, N. C.
Wholesale and Retail
MERCHANTS.
ALSO PROPRIETORS OF
Merchant's Hotel.

NOTICE.
MAYOR'S OFFICE,
Salem, N. C. Nov. 8, 1875.

TO OUR NEIGHBORS:

The citizens of Salem, through their representatives, the Board of Commissioners, long since passed an ordinance requiring that our own hogs should be kept off the streets,—and so far as I know, the law has been obeyed. The hogs, however, of persons living outside the corporate limits, are deily annoying us by depredations of various kinds. This is therefore to ask our neighbors to keep their hogs out of Salem. It is a source of great exasperation, and I cannot be responsible for any private damage that may be done.

We ask this in the spirit of neighborship—and shall await your action. But if, at the expiration of a fortnight, these hogs are still found upon our streets, we shall invoke against them all the powers of the law at our command.

We do not believe that the Courts of North Carolina will sustain any law which allows the stock of one neighbor to become a nuisance to another.

R. L. PATTERSON, Mayor.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.
It is natural for people suffering with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint or any derangement of the digestive organs, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Water-brash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue, and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c., to put off from day to day buying an article that they know has cured their neighbor, friend or relative, yet they have no faith in it until it is too late. But if you will go to the Drugstore of V. O. Thompson, Winston, N. C., and get a bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER your immediate cure is as certain as you live. Sample Bottles of this medicine can be obtained for 10 cents to try its superior virtue.
Regular size 75 cents. Try it, two doses will relieve any case.

JUST PUBLISHED!
SECOND EDITION OF
BLUM'S
Farmer's & Planter's
Almanac
FOR THE YEAR
1876
For sale wholesale and retail,
BY
L. V. & E. T. BLUM, Salem, N. C.

Executor's Notice.
HAVING duly qualified as Executor of the last will and testament of TYRE GLEN, dec'd, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased, to make immediate payment, as longer indulgence can not be given. And all persons having claims against said estate, are requested to present them, properly authenticated, within twelve months from this date, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.
THOMAS GLEN, Executor.
P. O. address, Vienna, Forsyth County.
October 28th, 1875.

Notice.
MRS. THOMAS J. BONER, has resumed the business of Coloring and Cleansing, and is prepared to Dye every description of ladies and gentlemen's wear.
Salt St., 3rd door from corner, back of the Bank.
Salem Oct. 28, 1875.—43.

"The very best ladies' magazine published."—Seneca Falls (N. Y.) *Courier*.
CHEAPEST AND BEST!
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.
Postage Prepaid on all Subscriptions.
Every subscriber for 1876 will be presented with a superb, large-sized steel engraving of Trumbull's celebrated picture of "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence." This will be "Peterson's Centennial Gift."
"*Peterson's Magazine*" contains every year, 1000 pages, 14 steel plates, 12 colored Berlin patterns, 12 mammoth colored fashion plates, 24 pages of music, and 900 wood cuts.
Great improvements will be made in 1876. Among them will be a series of illustrated articles on the Great Exhibition at Philadelphia, which will alone be worth the subscription price. They will be appropriately called,
THE CENTENNIAL IN PEN AND PENCIL!
The immense circulation of "Peterson" enables its proprietor to spend more money on embellishments, stories, &c., than any other. It gives more for the money than any in the world. Its
THRILLING TALES AND NOVELETTES
Are the best published anywhere. All the most popular writers are employed to write originally for "Peterson." In 1876, in addition to the usual quantity of short stories, Five Original Copyright Novelettes will be given, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. F. H. Burnett, and others.
MAMMOTH COLORED FASHION PLATES.
Ahead of all others. These plates are engraved on steel, Twice the Usual Size, and are unequaled for beauty. They will be superbly colored. Also, Household and other receipts; in short, everything interesting to ladies.
N. B.—As the publisher now pre-pays the postage to all mail subscribers, "Peterson" is cheaper than ever; is the Cheapest in the world.
TERMS (Always in Advance) $2.00 a Year.
2 copies for - - 3 60
3 " " - - 4 80
With a copy of the premium mezzotint (21x26) "Christmas Morning," a five dollar engraving, to the person getting up the Club.
4 copies for - - $6 80
7 " " - - 11 00
With an extra copy of the Magazine for 1876, as a premium, to the person getting up the Club.
5 Copies for - - $8 50
8 " " - - 12 50
12 " " - - 18 00
With both an extra copy of the Magazine for 1876, and the premium mezzotint, a five dollar engraving to the prson getting up the Club.
Address, post-paid,
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Poetry.

From the Washington (D. C.) Evening Star.

LEAVES AND GRASSES.

Gather leaves and grasses,
Love, to-day.
For the Autumn passes
Fast away.
Chilly winds are blowing,
It will soon be snowing.

Fill the vacant places
With them, dear,
And the empty vases.
Brown and sere
Sprays and leaves yet hold
Glints of summer gold.

In the drear December,
When it snows,
And the dying ember
Faintly glows,
Leaf and spray may bring
Thoughts of rosy spring.

Ah, we fondly cherish
Faded things
That had better perish.
Memory clings
To each leaf it saves.
Chilly winds are blowing;
It will soon be snowing
On our graves.

—*John Henry Boner.*

Humorous.

COURTSHIP IN TEXAS.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

He sat on one side the room in a big white-oak chair. She *on* the other side, in a little white-oak rocking chair. A long-eared deer hound, snapping at flies, was by his side: a basket of sewing by hers. Both rocked incessantly, that is, *the* young people, not the dog and the basket. He sighs heavily and looks out the west window at a crape myrtle tree; she sighs lightly and looks out the east window—at the turnip patch. At last he remarks:

"This is mighty good weather to pick cotton?"

"'Tis that, if we only had any to pick."

The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?"

"Coony."

Another sigh-broken stillness.

"What is he good fur?"

"What is who good fur?" he asked abstractedly.

"Your dog, Coony."

"Fur ketching 'possums."

Silence of half an hour

"He looks like a deer dog."

"Who looks like a deer dog?"

"Coony."

"He is; but he's kinder bellowsed an' gettin' old an' slow now. An' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensued, she took two stitches in her quilt. It was a gorgeous affair, that quilt was, made by the pattern called "Rose of Sharon." She is very particular about the nomenclature of her quilts, and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern, with a "real putty name."

"Your ma raisin' many chickings,"

"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and somehow, after awhile, the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair were jamed side by side.

"How many has your ma got?"

"How many what?"

"Chickings."

"Nigh onto a hundred."

By this time the chairs were so close together that rocking was impossible.

"The minks has eat all ours."

Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes:

"Makin' quilts?"

"Yes," she replies, brightening up, "I've just finished a 'Roarin' Eagul of Brazeal.' a 'Sittin' Sun' an' a Nasion's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the Parary?"

"No."

More silence; then he says:

"Do you love cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it—at least does not seem to be aware of it. Then after a half-hour spent in sighs, coughing and clearing of throats, he suddenly says:

"Ise a great mind to bite you."

"What you a great mind to bite me fur?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now, I ax you."

"Then, now I has you."

Then Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing.

The next day the young man goes to Tigarville after a a marriage license. Wednesday, the following week. No cards.

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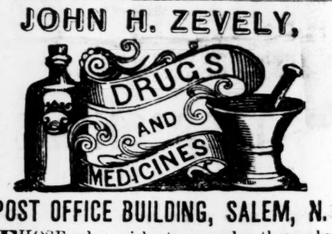

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A NEW LINE OF ARTICLES RARE, RICH AND TASTY, consisting of
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Very beautiful and suited for Presents.
New Styles of Goods received every few days.
Salem, N. C. April 15, 1875. J. BLICKENDERFER.
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FOR SALE.
A GOOD WALNUT DESK AND BOOK CASE, A WARDROBE, AND A REFRIGERATOR, all in good order and well kept. For sale by
July 29. E. A. VOGLER.

A CARD.
The Supreme Court, having by their judgment, replaced on the Bench, the late incumbent in this District:
I notify my friends and the public, that I have resumed the practice of the law, in the Counties of Stokes, Davie, Davidson and Forsyth.
Prompt attention will be given to legal business entrusted to me.
THOS. J. WILSON.
Winston, N. C., Feb. 1st, 1875.

STAYNER'S CELEBRATED
STICKY FLY PAPER,
For Sale at Zevely's Drug Store.
AS there is nothing poisonous about it, there need be no fear of placing it in the way of children.—It will not hurt any one even should it be eaten, and is much cleaner than any other, as the flies never leave it after alighting; therefore they are never found dead on your closet shelves, in your victuals and every where else in the house, a thing which renders all other exterminators so obnoxious.
Try it, and its effect will soon be apparent.

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All first class work guaranteed.
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Feb 25 1875-8

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JUST RECEIVED a large lot of Strupe & Son's heavy and light Upper Leather and Fine Calf Skins, which will be sold at manufacturer's prices by
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THE UNDERSIGNED having secured the old stand of PFOHL & STOCKTON, have filled it with a very handsome and
Entirely New Stock of
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CONSISTING OF
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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
NOTIONS, GROCERIES, SHOES AND BOOTS, DRUGS, DYE-STUFFS, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, STATIONERY, &c., &c.,
which they offer to the public
AT REDUCED PRICES.
MR. E. A. EBERT, the managing partner, cordially invites his old customers and friends to call and give our goods an inspection.
EBERT & CO.
Salem, N. C., April 8th, 1875.-14-tf.

Scribner's Monthly for 1876.

The subscribers invite attention to the following list of some of the attractive articles secured for Scribner's Monthly, for the coming year. In the field of fiction, besides numerous novelettes and shorter stories, there will be

TWO REMARKABLE SERIAL STORIES
BY AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The first of these, now complete in our hands,
"GABRIEL CONROY,"
BY BRETE HARTE,
Begins in the November number,
and will run for twelve months. This is Mr. Harte's first extended work. The scenes and characters, which the author has chosen from his favorite field, California, are painted with characteristic vividness and power: and the work is without doubt the most graphic record of early California life that has yet appeared.

We shall also begin in the January number,
"PHILLIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS;
OR, SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS."
By Edward Everett Hale.
The scene of this story is laid in the South-western territory, now forming the States of Louisiana and Texas, at the time of Aaron Burr's treason. The characters lived in a section which was now American, now French, and now Spanish, and this record of their adventurous lives makes a story of intense and unflagging interest throughout.

A SECOND "FARMER'S VACATION,"
By COL. GEO. E. WARING, JR.
Col. Waring is now in Europe, visiting, in a row-boat ride of two hundred and fifty miles, one of the most fertile and interesting of the vine-growing valleys of Europe. This second series of papers promises to be even more interesting than that with which our readers are already familiar.

CENTENNIAL LETTERS,
EDITED BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.
A rare collection of Revolutionary Letters, mainly from stores in the hands of the descendants of Col. JOSEPH WARD. They are full of interest and will be read with a rare relish in connection with the Centennial celebration of the year.

BRILLIANTLY ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES ON
AMERICAN COLLEGES.
Written respectively by their friends, will appear during the year. The revived interest in college life makes these papers especially timely, and will secure for them unusual attention.

OLD NEW YORK.
Elegantly illustrated articles on Old New York, by JOHN F. MINES, will appear at once, and will attract the attention of all, in city or country, who mark with interest the development of the great metropolis, and affectionately remember the quaint peculiarities of its olden time.

Every number is profusely illustrated, thus enabling us to give to our descriptive and narrative articles, an interest and permanent value never attained in a non-illustrated periodical. Under its accustomed management the magazine will in the future be devoted, as it has been in the past, to sound literature and Christian progress.

The Editorial Departments
occupy over twenty pages of each number and contain Dr. Holland's vigorous and timely editorials, as well as Reviews of the latest works in Art, Literatnre aud Science.

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CONDENSED TIME TABLE.
In effect on and after Sunday 19th, September 1875.
GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.
Leave Charlotte,	9.15 P. M.	5.45 A. M.
" Air-line Junction	9.33 "	6.20 "
" Salisbury,	11.58 "	8.34 "
" Greensboro,	3.15 A. M.	10.55 "
" Danville,	6.08 "	1.12 P. M.
" Dundee,	6.18 "	1.20 "
" Burkville,	11.35 "	6.07 "
Arrive Richmond,	2.22 P.M.	8.48 "

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.
Leave Richmond,	1.38 P. M.	5.08 A. M
" Burkville,	4.52 "	8.36 "
" Dundee,	10.33 "	1.14 P. M
" Danville,	10.39 "	1.17 "
" Greensboro,	3.00 A. M.	5.58 "
" Salisbury,	5.32 "	6.18 "
" Air-line Junction,	8.05 "	8.25 "
Arrive Charlotte,	8. 22 A. M.	8.43 "

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST
STATIONS.	MAIL.	MAIL.
Leave Greensboro,	3.00 A. M.	Arrive 2.00 A.M.
" Comp'y Shops,	4.3 "	Leaves 12.38 "
" Raleigh,	8.33 A. M.	" 8.10 "
Arrive Goldsboro,	11.30 A. M.	" 5.00 P.M.

NORTH-WESTERN N. C. R. W.—SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro,	4.30, P. M.
Arrive at Salem,	6.13 P. M.
Leave Salem	8.40, A. M.
Arrive at Greensboro,	10 33 A. M

Passenger train leaving Raleigh at 3.10 P. M. connects at Greensboro with the Northern bound train; making the quickest time to all northern cities. Price of Tickets same as via other routes.
Trains to and from points East of Greensboro connect at Greensboro with Mail Trains to and from points North and South.
Two Trains daily, both ways.
On Sundays Lynchburg Accommodation leave Richmond at 9.00 a. m., arrive at Burkeville 12.45, p. m., leave Burkeville 4.35. a. m., arrive at Richmond, 7.58, a. m.
NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN CHARLOTTE AND RICHMOND, 282 MILES.
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T. M. R. TALCOTT,
Engineer and Gen'l Superintendent.

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Apply to
Aug. 16, 1875-tf. B. F. CROSLAND.

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June 3, 1875.-22.